

NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided to fill 8 ½" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



*Saline* 2  
*Solution*

Wife's Money Jealousy  
Perverts Son into Moon  
Teen Old-fashioned on Slim  
Anita Ward

A black and white photograph of a woman smiling, partially visible behind the headline text.A black and white photograph of a man, partially visible behind the column of text.

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## A few friendly words on the art of upping your income

A very nice thing about this suggestion for a possible way to increase your income is this: you don't have to be ingenious or talented or even expert to follow it.

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The coupon below will bring it to you free. It's called "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS." It lists more than 300 common stocks on the New York Stock Exchange that have paid dividends every year from 25 to 100 years. It tells which have increased their dividends over the last ten years, which paid 5 to 6 percent at recent prices, which are especially favored by big institutional investors.

And it describes the increasingly popular Monthly Investment Plan, which enables you to own stock in some of America's most successful companies for as little as \$40 every three months, up to \$1000 a month. More than 8½ million people own stock. The number is increasing every month. And two out of three shareowners have incomes under \$7500 a year.

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Please send me, free, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS," a basic guide for common stock investment.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

BROKER, IF ANY \_\_\_\_\_

# THE INQUIRER Today MAGAZINE

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## Today We Remember:

**O**N a rainy afternoon 30 years ago today some 200 persons witnessed the cornerstone-laying ceremony of a building at Belmont and Conshohocken aves. It was the million-dollar Philadelphia Home for Incurables.

The structure was to house 162 children and adults, and would rest on eight acres of wooded land. A copper box, containing photographs, newspaper clippings and records, was placed in the cornerstone. In the box also was a gold dollar, reportedly the same coin which had inspired the founding of the home some 50 years before. Anna C. Inglis, a cripple from infancy, offered the dollar as a child to aid cripples and other incurables. Anna died at 18, but her dollar had started a movement, and in 1877 the home was founded. It occupied two sites before its present location.

Today, the Home for Incurables has 238 patients and a staff of 230. Mrs. Matilda Greyer, who is 81, is the oldest patient. Fifteen-year-old Robert Belikin is the youngest. Longest in residence is Mrs. Victoria DeMar, who has been there 58 years.

### ON THE COVER

**A** STATELY reminder of William Penn, the 275th anniversary of whose arrival in his Province will be observed next week, is Pennsbury Manor. Situated on the Pennsylvania bank of the Delaware River near Tullytown, Bucks county, the Manor was Penn's summer home. Penn purchased the tract from the Indians shortly after coming here in 1682. In 1832 Charles Warner presented it to the state, and Pennsbury was restored in accordance with Penn's directions. The Manor is open to visitors daily from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., except during the winter months, closing late in November. For other paintings by Ben Klemens, showing restoration of our founder, see Pages 16 and 17.

THE INQUIRER Today MAGAZINE

Inquirer  
FICTION

ILLUSTRATED BY  
ROBERT W. CROWTHER

# Sin-gle- Minded

*It's enough to make any wife  
rebel . . . nothing but children  
to rear . . . nowhere to stay but  
home . . . nowhere to go but out . . .*

By Jack Ritchie



TARVIA FONTAINE draped the fur scarf over the back of an easy chair and anchored my wife's chair.

run outside and capture one. I believe they're making mud pies."

"In case mine," Tarvia said.

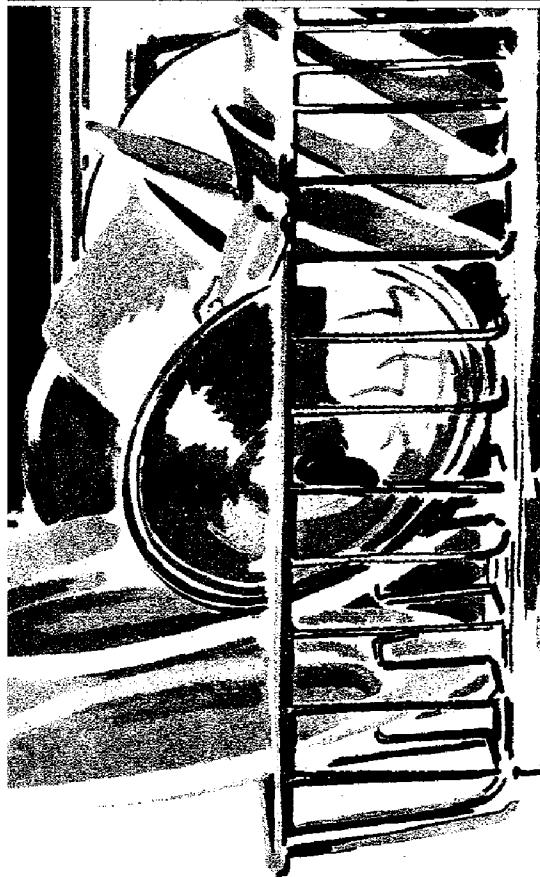
I picked up a towel and began wiping dishes. "The perch are beginning talent, Kitty. You have a really exceptional voice,"

Kitty blushed slightly. "I'm not a

# Minded

*It's enough to make any wife rebel . . . nothing but children to rear . . . nowhere to stay but home . . . nowhere to go but out . . .*

By Jack Ritchie



JARVIA FONTAINE draped the fur scarf over the back of an easy chair and answered my wife's question. "It's stone marten. A four-skin set. But frankly I'm getting tired of it." "My wife has one made out of genuine fox," I said.

Kitty glared at me for several seconds and then resumed her smile for Jarvia. "It's been ages."

"Just four years," Jarvia said. She glanced about our small living room. "Don't you ever suffer from claustrophobia, Kitty?"

"It's an expandible house," I said proudly. "That thought alone is what keeps us smiling." I kept my foot over the cigaret burn in the rug.

My wife used her gay laugh. "Naturally, with children about, things aren't quite as neat as they could be. We're getting better furniture when they've grown a little more and learned to be careful."

"Right now we couldn't afford anything else anyhow," I said.

My wife closed her eyes. "Oh, yes," Jarvia said. "Children. How quaint. You have several of them, haven't you?"

"They're cute little things," I said.

"If you'd like to hold one of them, I'll

run outside and capture one. I believe they're making mud pies."

"Never mind," Jarvia said.

"When I got your letter saying that you were passing through Kewanee, my breath was simply taken away," Kitty said. "The last time I heard from you, you were in Paris."

Jarvia tamped a gold-tipped cigaret on her cigaret case. "I did several recordings there for Lefevre and then I went on to Rome. That's the Eternal City, you know."

I got up and searched through my pockets until I found my cigaret lighter. "I was in Paris during the war. Once you get off the main streets, it's pretty much like Milwaukee."

I flicked the lighter seven or eight times. "Guess I'm out of fluid. I'll get some kitchen matches."

"Don't trouble yourself," Jarvia said. She took a lighter out of her alligator bag. "I don't imagine you get a chance to be around here in Kewanee, do you, Kitty?"

"She belongs to the Kewanee and Algoma Consolidated Chorus," I said. "They sing all over the Country."

Jarvia's glance at me conveyed a certain amount of pity. "How tragic you didn't take advantage of your

talent, Kitty. You have a really exceptional voice."

Kitty blushed slightly.

"It's nice of you to say so."

"But it's quite true, my dear," Jarvia said. "She looked around the room again. "But I suppose you must give up a lot of things just to get married."

She sighed. "It's a pity you had to bury yourself here."

I filled my pipe at the humidor. "I once read that seven out of ten women have voices of operatic quality. If it wasn't for marriage we'd be knee deep in soprano's."

"Peter," my wife said. "Why don't you go downstairs and finish repairing the washing machine?"

It took me about an hour to get the machine in working order again and when I came back upstairs, Kitty was at the sink washing dishes.

"Oh?" I asked. "Is she gone already?"

"London," my wife said, not looking at me. "The blue waters of Naples. The Riviera."

"I've got it fixed," I said. "But next time we'll need some new rollers."

Kitty stared at the wall. "Champagne and applause. Lisbon in the sun."

I picked up a towel and began wiping dishes. "The perch are beginning to run up at Egg Harbor. Suppose we pack up the kids Sunday and drive up there?"

A dish slipped out of Kitty's hands and cracked against the side of the sink. She stood there looking at it for a moment and then walked out of the kitchen.

At breakfast the next morning, Kitty disagreed with me on all subjects, including the weather, motherhood and the Marines.

When I came home from work at the end of the day, Kitty met me at the door with her hands on her hips.

"Don't ask me what's cooking," she snapped. "Because nothing is. I took the children over to my mother's house. They drove me wild and they interfered with my practicing."

"OK," I said. "We'll go to a restaurant."

"I practiced four hours today and I'm going to practice that much every day from now on. There's no sense in my neglecting my voice just because I'm tied down with a husband and two children."

She followed me into the kitchen where I got a glass of water. "Do you



Kitty stared at the wall.  
"Champagne and applause.  
Lisbon in the sun."

"Know somebody named Clem Harder?"  
"Oh, sure," I said. "Good old Clem."  
"Well," she snapped. "Good old Clem is passing through town. He

"Made especially for me," Clem said.  
"Order them by the thousand from Havana. That's in Cuba, Queen of the Antilles."

"I suppose you got a raft of kids?"  
Clem asked.  
"Just a couple of planks," Kitty said.  
"We find them tolerable."

"He called our faithful  
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"Panama Canal," I said dreamily.  
"Culebra Cut. High carbon steel. The



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know somebody named Clem Harder?" "Oh, sure," I said. "Good old Clem." "Well," she snapped. "Good old Clem is passing through town. He phoned a few minutes ago and said he was coming right over to see you." She sat down in a chair, her lips tight. "When he comes, make it short. I'm hungry."

I picked up the evening newspaper and began reading it. After a few moments I put it down. "Seems awful quiet in here without the kids shrieking their fool heads off. Couldn't you just stomp up and down the room a few times to make me feel more at home?" I checked the glass of water at my elbow to see if it had turned to ice.

When the doorbell rang, I went to answer it and came back with my arm around Clem's shoulder. "Kitty," I said. "I'd like you to meet Clem Harder. He and I were practically raised together. Everybody thought we were brothers because we fought so much."

Clem reached into his breast pocket and brought out a cigar. "Try that for true smoking satisfaction, Pete."

I admired the green-flecked cigar. "This looks sickening enough to be expensive."

"Made especially for me," Clem said. "Order them by the thousand from Havana. That's in Cuba, Queen of the Antilles."

He lit our cigars and savored a puff of smoke. "Never thought I'd find you hog-tied and caged, Pete. Didn't think you were the type."

"No?" Kitty asked sweetly. "Just what type did you think he was?"

"The roving rugged type, Mrs. Harris," Clem said. "The kind of a man who ought to have an anchor tattooed on the back of his hand. I thought he'd shake this Kewanee moss off his back the first chance he got."

He rolled the cigar in his mouth. "Say, Pete, I never did tell you about the deal we had in Mexico. A lot of work, but plenty of fun too."

He winked and poked me with his elbow. "If you know what I mean?"

"Clem and I were roommates when I was taking engineering at the university, Kitty," I said.

Clem shook his head sadly. "Too bad

you had to drop out. You sure missed

out on a lot by not finishing."

I shrugged. "You know how it goes.

One moonlight night you lose your

head and the next thing you know a

regular pay check becomes important."

"I suppose you got a raft of kids?" Clem asked. "Just a couple of planks," Kitty said. "We find them tolerable."

"Would you care for a drink, Clem?" I asked. "I'll get a rag and dust off the bottle."

"Couldn't take the chance," Clem said. "I'm used to only the best."

He glanced at his watch. "Besides, I have to get moving, boy. Got to drive down to Chicago tonight to make the plane for Caracas. That's in Venezuela, land of plains and cloud-topped mountains."

He looked at the pile of toys in one corner of the room and shrugged. "Well, as long as you're happy. Isn't that right, boy?" I rubbed my jaw thoughtfully. "I think I'll oil my transit and give my engineer boots a good saddle-soaping,"

Kitty and I walked him to the door.

"That's my buggy behind that pile

of junk," Clem said. "They shouldn't

allow things like that on the road."

Kitty regarded his 16-foot sedan sourly. "Where do you stop the mast?" Clem got into his car and waved his hand. "Adios, amigo."

Kitty's arms were folded as she

watched him drive away and she tap-

ped her foot. "He called our faithful wreck a piece of junk."

"Panama Canal," I said dreamily. "Culebra Cut. High carbon steel. The tang of newly mined tungsten."

I sighed. "I guess we'd better go out and get something to eat."

Kitty studied me. "My dear husband you're going to my mother's house and bring our children home where they belong. I'm going to make supper."

"I don't know," I said dubiously.

"With the racket they make, I'll have

trouble concentrating on my mathe-

matics. I've decided to resume my studies."

A smile lurked in Kitty's eyes. "I don't think good old Clem was much of an actor, but I suppose you'll have to buy him a box of those cigars any-

way,"

I examined my cigar. "I think they

pick these things before they're ripe."

The smile went to her lips. "I recog-

nized the car, Peter, and then I remem-

bered where I'd seen Clem before. He's

your boss' chauffeur, isn't he?"

She kissed me lightly. "Your cam-

paign was successful. I love you."

I grinned and puffed on my cigar. "I

kind of suspected that."

THE END